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"One is Your Master, even Christ, and all Ye are Brethren."



THEE
CANADIAN 
INDEPENDENT.

THE THIRTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

VOL. VI. (NEW SERIES) No. 9:

MAY 2, 1887.

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TORONTO:

PRINTED FOR THE CONGREGATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY BY
C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, 5 JORDAN STREET.

1887.



NOTICE.

We thank the many friends who have noticed our request, "Look at your labels," and who have done more than looked—have sent their dollar or dollars, as the case may be. There are still, however, at least seventy-five per cent. of our subscribers who, if they have "looked" at their labels, have gone no further. Look again, and if the label does not say "Jan., '88," send dollars enough to make it do so—one dollar for each year. We are constantly receiving the most kindly notes of satisfaction and approval of THE INDEPENDENT. If these were gold coin, or even dollar bills, we are afraid that we should be extravagant enough to enlarge at once; but as good wishes are not bankable, we are only just able to pay our printer. Friends, please transmute your good wishes into dollar bills.

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THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

(NEW SERIES.)

VOL. VI.]

TORONTO, MAY 2, 1887.

[No. 9.]

Editorial Fottings.

YEARS ago we were sitting by the bedside of a dying man, when from the room below came up the sweet strains of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." We had often heard it before, have often heard it since, but never, that we can remember, did it so touch and melt us as on that occasion. The incident was recalled the other day when in company for a few moments with a lady who has the voice of song, she told us that she had been asked and was going to sing to a poor dying person, and the thought came to us, Is not this a way by which those who have this talent can use it acceptably to the Master's glory and to the consolation of the dying? It may be thought that in some respects it is a sad way of working, and so it is perhaps, sometimes; but those who have seen the eyes of dying saints light up as with the coming glory when well remembered strains of praise have been heard, will feel that there is gladness in it also. The last sounds on earth, hymns of praise to Jesus; the first beyond the river, the melody of the new song.

THAT is not the only way, however, in which this talent can be used for the Master's glory; it is not difficult generally, to get people to sing at church socials, church concerts and the like, to the which there is no objection; but there are gatherings, especially in our larger towns and cities, of the poor and destitute, in cottages, close, ill-ventilated rooms, perhaps, or mission halls, and at such the voice of sweet song is pleasant indeed. Many a poor, miserable, degraded man or woman has been lifted out of the depths, and led into the light by some of the touching melodies of the day. We read lately an article in one of our papers affirming that more had been converted by the singing of Mr. Sankey than by the preaching of

Mr. Moody. Remembering that each is but an instrument in the hand of the Master, we yet believe that the preaching of the one would certainly have lost much of its power without the singing of the other. An old Sunday school hymn begins:

I will sing for Jesus,
With His blood He bought me;
And all along my pilgrim way,
His loving hand has brought me.

Sing then. Sing for Jesus.

MAY we in this connection say a word about the much-used and much-abused "Gospel Hymns." We have just been reading an extract from an address at a clerical meeting by the late Bishop of Manchester, in which he says: "Modern hymns are for the most part strangely namby-pamby. Many of them grossly materialistic, those addressed to our Lord generally unctuous and sentimental." "Namby-pamby!" the dictionary definition of this is "contemptible for affected prettiness"; but as it would be difficult to find any hymns, old or new, to which this is applicable, we are inclined to think that the good bishop meant weakness of thought and language. Well there are in "Gospel Hymns," without doubt, a few such, but in what collection of hymns do not some such appear? A pretty full acquaintance with denominational hymn-books justifies us in saying—No one. "Materialistic" is a grave charge, but that also must be taken in a different sense from the general meaning of the word, and really only means that God and Christ and the Spirit, heaven and hell, are real, not myths, nor spirit dust, nor phantasms. In that sense the hymn, "Behold a Stranger at the Door," and Wesley's, "Come, O thou Traveller Unknown," are very materialistic. As for the last statement, it may be replied that if it is true, there are hymns fully as unctuous among the old Latin hymns, as Bernard of Clairvaux, "Jesus, the Very Thought of

Thee," as also in the impassioned strains of Gerhard and other German writers, some of them, by the way, borrowed from the Latin, as that choice hymn, "O, Sacred Head Once Wounded." No, it must be, the emotional soul will express itself emotionally, while the precise, logical heart will offer its praises in its own way. Let us not condemn the one as cold, nor the other as irreverent, but rejoice that all alike can find fitting words for the highest privilege of many—the praises of God.

THE question was asked in THE INDEPENDENT a few numbers back, "Can a good business man be a Christian?" The history of Joseph which our Sunday school scholars have been studying, might furnish a ready answer, if you put for Christian its Old Testament equivalent, "Servant of God." A man of quick perception, far-seeing, shrewd, practical, clever and thoroughly business-like, to use the term in its best modern meaning, as any business man of the day (not a scoundrel), would wish, and yet a true, devout, pure-minded man, one who must have got a great hold of the heart of the Egyptian people, for it is clear that up to the last, eighty years after he "stood before Pharaoh," he was esteemed, loved and honoured. Let us learn the lesson.

WE hardly know what may have been the feelings of those present at the recent Conference, but it was very far removed from what we had expected. Our idea was of a fraternal gathering at which the interests of the churches, the college, and Missionary Society, could have been talked over in a free, friendly manner, a Christian symposium on our work, but what did we get? A speech-making series of meetings to be reported in the daily papers? Fancy spending the first evening discussing "Our Principles"—and that from a Theological standpoint! surely we have not every-time we meet to begin enquiring where we stand. Whether we are on "solid rock," or "shifting sand"? Are we never to "cease to speak of the first principles of Christ"? It argues ill for the growth of our principles if we are continually digging down to examine the roots. If there is a conference in the future—and we trust that there will be more than one, let it be a conference and not a public meeting. We say this without reflecting upon the managers of this past one. It likely got beyond their control.

At a meeting recently held, one of the speakers was introduced by the chairman as one who was "never slighted." Whether this was true of the gentleman in question or not, it is certainly a comfortable frame of mind to which to attain; it saves a deal of fret and worry, many a spoiled meeting, and the managers of meetings much vexatious questioning as to what part they shall give Mr. A—, or Mr. B—, for "it would never do to leave him out, he would be deeply offended." There is, of course, an evil side to this state of mind; it may spring from, or it may lead to, coldness and indifference—a sort of feeling, "Well, they may ask me to take part or not, I don't care, it makes no difference," then it is unwholesome and should be got rid of as soon as possible, but where the controlling motive is, "I am willing and open to do all I can at any and every time, but still happier to find that others can do better than I can," the feeling is right and should be cultivated. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

THE well known and highly esteemed Rev Thomas Baker, of Hamilton, passed away on March 30, at the ripe age of ninety-one, and his body by loving hands was laid to rest in the Hamilton cemetery on the Friday following. His friend, Mr. W. H. Allworth, gave a short address at the house, and, with Mr. Burton, of Toronto, took part in the funeral exercises. Mr. D. H. Fletcher, of McNab Street Presbyterian Church, presided. We hope to be able to give a more extended notice ere long.

TRUE to all our traditions and convictions, none are more ready to acknowledge the good in Roman Catholicism, and to live, not only in peace, but in fraternity with friends of that faith, than we. Indeed we have been faulted for a liberality which we believe, nevertheless, the Master would show. But it is not always possible to be at peace, and the Papacy seems determined to force unwelcome issues. The Jesuits are to be incorporated in Quebec, that society which has more than once whelmed Europe in blood, and smitten down the best of rulers because they would not obey its behests; that society which has blighted and blistered and cursed wherever its foot has trod. And they are to have charge over education! and to get back their long-forfeited estates, here in Canada, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century! Are we dreaming?

THEN the crucifix is to be erected in our courts of justice in the Ultramontane Province of Quebec. Are we to be cursed with a State Church again, with its tyrannies? Is the step a very long one to the Inquisition? It is time our eyes were opened to the determined aggressiveness of Papal Rome.

THERE are encouraging notes for the temperance cause. Enormous as the drink bills are in the United Kingdom and in the neighbouring Republic, they are decreasing. In 1885 Britain's drink bill was £123,267,000. Last year, £122,906,000, a decrease of £361,000. This decrease has been steadily going on since 1876. The United States drink bill last year was \$700,000,000, a slight decrease on the former year. This, however, is to be considered, that though since 1840 the population in the United States has trebled itself, the drink bill has only doubled. In both nations, however, the consumption of beer has largely increased, the decrease being in spirituous liquors only. The consumption of intoxicating liquors per head in the United States is 12.8 annually; in Germany, 24.92; in Great Britain, 34.17; and in France (principally light wines), 38.2. There is still plenty of work for temperance hands to do.

WE have received, but must hold over till our next, for want of space, an interesting letter from Miss Macallum.

A CORRESPONDENT, who was long and intimately acquainted with the late Rev. J. Roaf, thinks we did "an unintentional injustice to his memory" in our last issue. He says: "You venture the assertion—and quite safely—that English Independency was never a policy of isolation from brethren. He regarded councils as semi-presbyterial courts, and believed that all organizations of Christian men, outside the Church, should be for advisory purposes alone. He was always in favour of fellowship, consultation and co-operation, but uniformly resisted all exercise of ecclesiastical authority outside of the local church. Mr. Roaf's views are in print. There are his 'Outlines of Congregationalism,' and his 'Catechism of Church Government.' If there is any advocacy of a policy of isolation from brethren in either, let the quotation of it be made." Exactly, friend, but wherein have we given any other representation of Mr. Roaf's position?

THAT DEBT IS KILLED, are the first words in the May number of the *American Home Missionary*. The debt of \$52,000 has been wiped out, as we trust ours has been, by united, earnest, general effort. Not by large sums only, but by the dollars and the cents. We congratulate our brethren. We would emulate their faith and energy.

THE GOSPEL AFLOAT.

BY REV. W. SCOTT.

CHAPTER V.—GREEKS AND THE GOSPEL.

We must retrace our steps to illustrate another phase of "The Gospel Afloat." We had several Greeks among the passengers, returning from a short residence in Manchester or Liverpool, whither they had been to glean additional commercial experience. Two of them could speak English passably; the others commanded a little French, besides their own vernacular. For some days they kept aloof from the other passengers, not evidently from any dictates of modesty, for individuals more indifferent to social amenities I never saw. It was quite impossible, with any degree of comfort, to maintain conversation at table. They would talk together in their native tongue so loudly, with such outrageously violent gesticulation that, until they were taught that they were violating all social usage, we had neither peace nor comfort. I must confess this beginning did not improve my previous unfavourable opinion of the Greek character. A visit to the busy island of Syra, ten days in Constantinople, and a fortnight in Smyrna, brought me into constant contact with Greeks, and gave me some opportunity of studying their character; and though I am free to confess to the discovery of estimable traits of character, I never saw reason seriously to take exception to Byron's stinging testimony:

Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
Proverbial wiles and ancient craft;
In this the subtle Greek is found,
For this, and this alone, renowned.

At the outset of this narrative, I described the establishment of "family worship" in the saloon. For several evenings a grave difficulty presented itself, and caused us considerable annoyance. The Greeks created this difficulty. They would have nothing to do with our reading and prayer; but, occupying a table at the other side of the saloon, they would play their favourite game—backgammon. We had, therefore, unhappy elements intruding into our evening prayer: the rattling of the dice, the conversation and laughter of the players were most ungenial accompaniments to our evening's worship. We had, of course, to remember that we had no more right to interfere with them than they had to disturb

us ; we had no right to impose restraint upon them. A welcome change was noticed after our service had been established a little over a week. During prayer the annoyance gave place to a reverent quiet. This partial recognition of the solemnity of our worship soon became complete, by the suspension, not only of their favourite game altogether, but also by the complete cessation of conversation. This gave us great satisfaction, especially so, when, a few evenings after, we found every Greek seated at the table round which we regularly met. We supplied them with Bibles, that they might take part in our evening reading. For some time they sat without sharing in our reading, but, by and by, those who could read English not only read their verses, but joined others in suggesting questions concerning the portion read. It was especially noticed that anything touching the character or life of Christ called forth inquiring suggestions more than anything else. One had a New Testament in modern Greek, and very interesting the conversations became, embracing as they did, comparisons of words, various readings, etc.

Our evening service now included every passenger in the ship, besides the captain, who was often with us, and occasionally an under officer. The sight thus presented each evening was one never to be forgotten. Punctually at nine o'clock the candles would be placed upon the table, and we would assemble for prayer. We were a motley company—Greeks, an Armenian, a Maltese, English and Scotch, assembled around the throne of the "Father of us all." We represented, individually, more points of difference, probably, than of agreement ; but these we sank at the throne of grace. The thought of "OUR FATHER" made us one. Many a dark and stormy night was made happy, peaceful and radiant by this united fellowship with God.

Our relations with the Greeks did not end here. Their uniting with us in our evening worship was followed by another, and yet more decided (because more public) step. We were singing at the "dog-watch" service for'ard one evening, when I noticed one of our Greek friends timidly approaching us. He stood, half concealed by the mast, during the service, listening most attentively to the address. Subsequent evenings found three Greeks at every service—not spectators merely, but apparently worshippers. This continued for some evenings before a further evidence of progress manifested itself. All this time I had not interposed one word to any of them, beyond our ordinary intercourse. It seemed to me that a good work was in progress, and I feared that a premature word might hinder it. My attitude toward them was one of kindly, hopeful watchfulness.

Our ship had ploughed its way through the Cyclades group of the Archipelago, skirted Scio, Mitylene

and Tenedos, and entered the Dardanelles. After obtaining pratique at Channak, where I first touched Turkish soil, and scrutinizing Abydos, of Byronic memory, we entered the Marmora. It was here that the mutual silence on religious subjects between the Greeks and myself was broken. Their journey was about to close, and our fellowship about to end. We were closely skirting the northern coast of the Marmora, on the evening previous to our arrival at Constantinople. It was after the fo'c'stle service, and previous to that in the saloon, when the two English-speaking Greeks accosted me, and desired half-an-hour's conversation. Arm in arm we walked along the saloon deck for more than an hour. It is impossible to reproduce their statement fully ; its substance will suffice. They said they came to me, not only on their own behalf, but also in the name of the others, to make their statement. They candidly told me that they had considered the saloon service an encroachment upon the privileges of passengers, and had resented it accordingly. They were surprised that we did not expostulate. We were just as kind to them as we were before. They could not continue play under such conditions, and agreed to desist. Neutrality warmed into interest, and they joined us. They represented themselves to me as being much impressed by the sight of a "priest" (so they denominated me) taking an interest in the common seamen, preaching to them, and visiting them in their berths. Their representation of their own "priests" in this respect was not flattering. They took no interest in the "common people." The impression produced by that which every earnest worker for Christ would have done deepened into interest in the message delivered. They said I taught a very different character of Jesus Christ than they had been accustomed to. His character was just such an one as they should have expected that I would give. "You take an interest in neglected men, and you represent Christ as moving amongst and dying for such." This, in effect, was their testimony to the Gospel teaching afloat ; it had impressed and surprised them greatly. I sought to follow up personally what had thus touched them, and the closing words of our conference roused in me profound gratitude to God. It was to this effect, and (as near as I can remember) in these words : "We never saw the character of the Saviour as we do now ; we never felt God so near. We shall never forget you. Pray for us, that we may not go back to our old, careless life, and lose that which we are taking home which we did not bring." In some such words, with many expressions of grateful appreciation, we parted for the night.

Early next morning we were steaming past Stamboul, each passenger revelling in the fairy panorama of which Byron wrote :

The European, with the Asian shore
 Sprinkled with palaces ; the ocean stream
 Here and there studded with a seventy-four ;
 Sophia's cupola with golden gleam ;
 The cypress groves ; Olympus, high and hoar ;
 The Twelve Isles, and the more than I could dream,
 Far less describe, present the very view
 Which charmed the charming Mary Montague.

Rounding the Seraglio Point, with its white marble palace gleaming in the sunlight, we reached our anchorage in the Golden Horn. Amid the confusion attendant on arrival, we bade "good-bye" to the Greeks. As I gazed upon them in their caique glancing up the Golden Horn toward their landing-place, I prayed that the seed of truth which they carried away might grow into the maturity of Christian faith and character.

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

The practice of bribery and corruption which so extensively prevails, especially in connection with a general election, is a greater evil than many are aware of, it seems to me, otherwise I cannot see how they can resort to it as they do, especially those who profess to be governed by the principles of righteousness. In regard to those who allow themselves to be bribed, there are many who are too ready to say, like Judas, "What will you give me?" though, perhaps, there are not many who would go so far as he did, in sacrificing principle for avarice ; probably some would not consider that they were doing that at all. But there are also many who, like Pilate, are induced by a bribe to vote *contrary to their conscience*. In respect to those who do this, and are not sorry for it afterward, I fear they are worse than either Judas or Pilate.

Both classes do what they ought to be ashamed of as *men*, whether they profess to be Christians or not. They are *unmanly* men who put themselves in the market, saying, "What will you give me for my vote?" I fear they are very unpatriotic too, not regarding the privilege of the franchise as they ought to regard it ; namely, as a sacred trust to be used by them for the good of the country rather than for their own direct benefit. Perhaps, in regard to some of these men, what they receive for their vote can hardly be called a bribe, strictly speaking. They are waiting to be approached with the offer of money, being poor men, it may be, and not caring particularly who is elected ; therefore the man or the party that offers them the most is most likely to get their vote.

No doubt some who want their votes do not approve of this way of getting them, but they feel constrained to adopt it in order to keep their opponents from getting them by such means, and as a help to what they believe to be in the interests of the country. I question the policy of this method, to say nothing of it

as a "doing evil that good may come," which we have no right to do under any circumstances. The practice of paying for votes tends to lead men, more and more, to regard the privilege of the franchise as something which they may exercise simply for their own direct benefit, forgetting that in doing that, they might do what would not be a benefit to the country, but an injury rather, and therefore an injury to them, whatever immediate profit that might be which they receive for their vote. Hence it would be better to observe the law of the land with reference to this evil practice of buying votes, even when it might not be an act of bribery strictly speaking.

Observe the law, and so keep your own hands clean ; then you will be in a position to meet the violators of the law with the penalties of the same, as you cannot well do, if you violate it yourself. And it will have a wholesome, rather than a demoralizing, effect, as cannot but be the case where both parties virtually agree to consider the law a dead letter. It is high time that men were taught that it does not pay to make merchandise of their votes. It is high time, too, that those who tempt men with the offer of money or its equivalent, and especially those who, in doing that seek to induce them to vote contrary to their conscience—which would be a disgrace to their manhood to do—were taught that it does not pay to do that.

And I wish that both bribers and bribed could see their act as a sin against God, as well as a violation of human law. The taking of a bribe is very strongly condemned in the Word of God. In 1 Samuel viii. 3, it is said of the sons of Samuel, that "when their father made them judges over Israel, they walked not in his ways, but turned aside after lucre, and took bribes, and perverted judgment." One characteristic of Samuel, as described in the twelfth chapter, is that he never took a bribe. In Isa. xxxiii. 15 we find the man who "walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly," is one who "shaketh his hands from holding of bribes." In Amos v. 12 it is written, "For I know how manifold are your transgressions, and how mighty are your sins." (Rev. Ver.) And then, among those mighty sins, taking a bribe is mentioned. From such a sin, and from such sinners, David prayed to be kept. "Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with men of blood, in whose hands is mischief, and their right hand is full of bribes." (Psa. xxvi. 9, 10.) Well, if it be such a sin to take a bribe, can it be any less a sin to offer it? Nay, it is a greater sin, judging from the curse pronounced in the Word of God upon those who cause others to sin. See, for example, what a curse was pronounced upon the serpent in the garden of Eden, and that before a curse was pronounced upon Eve as having yielded to temptation. While men may evade human law then in regard to the giving and taking of bribes, and yet escape its penalty, let

them know that in doing this they sin against God, and that they cannot do this with impunity. If they repent not, His judgment will some day overtake them for this, and all their other sins.

Let us never forget that "the throne is established by righteousness," not by unrighteousness, whether that unrighteousness be in the way of bribery or fraud.

Any thing gained by unrighteous means of any kind will in the end prove more a *loss* than a gain—more a *curse* than a blessing. Those who try to succeed by the use of unrighteous means, no matter what they are, act most unwisely, as well as wickedly. They are building on a rotten foundation, and the consequences will be manifest in their destruction, sooner or later, as sure as effect follows cause; yea, as sure as God is a God of justice, and has declared in His Word that "though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished." (Prov. xi. 21.) And again, "He that getteth riches, but not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool." (Jer. xvii. 11.) And so the words of the Psalmist, "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and lo, he was not . . . , I sought him, but he could not be found." (Psa. xxxvii. 35, 36.)

Therefore, as has been well said by another,* "How despicable in God's sight is power which has been obtained wrongfully, and how men should fear to climb up to power on a ladder, the rounds of which are every one rotten with fraud and corruption; worm-eaten with deception and villainy, for before they shall have reached the top, down it will come with them, and they shall never rise again."

Ah, there is no safe ladder for men to climb up by, except that ladder, "whose top reacheth unto heaven," which is Christ and His righteousness, not the miserable ladder of our unrighteousness. There is no sure foundation to build upon save that which God has laid in Zion. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. iii. 11.) "The stone which the builders refused is become the headstone of the corner." (Psa. cxviii. 22.)

Foolish builders they were who despised and rejected this foundation. Foolish builders they are who do it now. None can stand before God, but those who take their stand upon this foundation, and become like Christ in character, through faith in Him, whereby they will seek "always to do the right, and only the right, no matter at what sacrifice." J. B.

Sheffield, N. B.

Susi, Livingstone's faithful servant, who brought his master's body half-way across Africa, has confessed himself a Christian and adopted the name David, the Christian name of the great African missionary.

*Rev. A. J. Mowatt, of Fredericton, N. B.

OUR MISSIONARIES' LETTER.

July 23.—We were scarcely on our way when our patient, "the little boy with pleuro-pneumonia," completely broke down. Two days before this, instead of bringing him to me for treatment, his guardians made their camp some distance from ours, and applied to his back, already tender, hot stones until the skin hung down in ribbons an inch wide. Next day he was made to walk with an empty stomach until his strength gave out, and the Sekula had to carry him to the camp. When he was brought to me, I requested his guardians to wash some of the dirt off his person, and to give him a little food, for it was evening, and he had eaten nothing all day. It was with difficulty that they were induced to do either, and when at last they did move to help him, his washing consisted in throwing a lot of cold water over him, and leaving him in the sun to dry; his food consisted of a little corn meal uncooked, stirred into cold water. I felt it was useless for me to try further. My skill was small at the best, and there was so much working against it that it seemed clear the boy would die, and I would be charged with causing his death, so I refused to treat him further. (Two days later he was brought into camp, lashed on the back of a guardian, and shortly after he died.)

We had not travelled far before we arrived at the Chandongo River. One of the men bore me over it on his shoulders. Shortly after we crossed the same river for the second time. We had then to climb up the side of Mount Vonchandongo and descend on the opposite side, pass through a beautiful valley, and make our way over the mountain, from the summit of which we had a fine view of the beautiful scenery below us; but our climbing was over, we had soon to make our way over Mount Luowa.

Mountain-climbing is not lazy work, and comparatively happy should that man be, who, having it to do, is not troubled with rheumatics or similar complaints. Several of our men were overcome by the strain, and laid their burdens and themselves by the roadside.

After again descending into a valley we approached Mount Elonga. My men pointed to it with feelings of satisfaction. It was indeed a fine sight, standing nearly 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. Mount Royal at one time appeared to me to be quite high, and I shall never forget the feelings with which I first looked upon it. But this mountain stands higher than half a dozen such hills, piled one on top of the other, and the scenery, as we travelled along the narrow winding path, was such as no feeble pen can describe, even when seen as it was by us, in the dry season. At length we pitched our camp on the brow of Mount Olinali.

The "Sekula" came in the evening to say that in a village close by he could buy a pig for eight yards of cloth, and the men would be very grateful if we would purchase it for them. I went with him, partly to see the animal, and partly to see the village. The place had not been previously visited by any of our missionaries. We travelled over hills and through hollows, until at length we reached the place, which proved to be quite a distance from us. As we drew near the village, I noticed a number of enclosed gardens in which tobacco plants were in full bloom. On entering I was shown a log close to one of the huts, and beckoned to sit down. Women and children at once began to gather round me. The native salutation was given me by several old women, and by me returned; then each of the old women placed a hand over her mouth, and cried, "Ah, ah, ah." The young ones looked bashful, the children frightened, and when I offered with a smile to shake hands with a tidy little girl, they all fled. I raised my hat to brush back the hair, as a kind of relief, being very warm, whereupon the old women cried, "Oh," with a very long breath; while the rest of the company laughed outright. At length a large gourd of native beer (*ochimbombi*) was brought for the party. The bearer, an old woman, took a drink before giving it to the company, then wiped the mouth-piece with the palm of her hand, and gave it to the nearest man to her to drink, and pass it on. This was done as a proof that she had not poisoned the beer. Each one of the company, after drinking, wiped the gourd in the same manner as the old woman, and passed it to his neighbour, until it had gone the round of those who would drink. Of course, I was not among the number.

Some of the women were among the most homely I have ever seen; their features, never well shaped, wore an empty, haggard look; their frames were bent with age and drudgery; their plaited hair had so often been besmeared with palm oil, with which dust and dirt had mingled and hardened, that it looked like dirty black felt. A few had a fresh coat of oil on their hair—and were most welcome at a distance. One had actually made her black face and shoulders look mulatto, with yellow oil.

When we came to look at the pig, instead of taking eight yards for which it had been promised, the old man had the modesty to ask not less than twenty times that amount, and we the impudence to refuse him it.

July 24.—Leaving Olinali, we pushed our way across Mount Mombamli; descended into a valley, leaving to our left Mount Osoki, near the base of which we crossed twice a narrow river, with a very rapid current, called the Rongo. In the rainy season this river must have quite a volume of water. In the neighbourhood of this river we met Cicola, one of

Mrs. Saunders' tepora men, lying by the roadside sick and unable to travel. I had him put in my tepora and carried, while I walked the rest of the day. We wound around the brow of a mountain, crossed a small brook twice, and then came upon another man lying with his head on his load for a pillow. I pulled off my coat, and was preparing to carry the burden, when my tepora-men came up, and one of them undertook to bear it for the rest of the day. I was profoundly thankful for this. Before the day was over, it proved no easy matter for my unaccustomed limbs to travel over mountains in the heat of an African sun, a distance of fully ten miles. I was almost worn out when we arrived in camp, and after attending to the sick, I retired to rest.

July 25. The young lad, mentioned several times before, died shortly after we arrived in camp. A grave was dug by the roadside, in which his remains were laid; a chant was sung, and two shots fired over his grave, and next day we left him in his resting-place, and went on our way. Cicola was very much better, his complaint was bronchitis.

July 26.—All night I suffered severely from dysentery. Was scarcely able to stand in the morning. Saw little as we passed along the road. When for any cause I was forced to leave my tepora it was necessary for me to lie down and rest, before I could get into it again from extreme weakness. On our arrival in camp we found Mrs. Saunders very ill. My good wife also being weak, no cooking was done. The men put up the tents, and we crawled into them to lie down. A march of three hours more would bring us to our station, and how we wished we were there, Mrs. Saunders sent a boy for her husband, and being met on the road, Mr. Saunders was not long in coming. Soon after two boys came, bearing some good bread and graham gems from Mrs. Stover.

July 27.—Mrs. Saunders better, my wife very weak, and I suffering from the same complaint as on the previous day. We started early, and soon reached our journey's end. Mr. Stover met us at the gate, but dear me! instead of being a tall, thin, delicate man, with fair complexion, as I had pictured him to myself, he was a short, stout, broad-shouldered man, with whiskers as black as a crow. We entered the gate; Mrs. Stover came to receive us. I knew it was she, because there was no other white woman in the place. When settled in Brother Stover's house, my wife brought me two presents, one sent by her mother from Brantford, the other bought in England by herself, and wished me many happy returns of my birthday. So on my birthday we began a new life in a new home, in a strange country.

On my birthday we began a new plan of Christian work, in which I was to be helped by a loving, thoughtful wife. We looked at our house; it was

better than we had expected to find it. We planned its arrangement, and my wife turned to me, and said: "I see no reason why we should not be comfortable and happy here." We were both sick yet cheerful, and hopeful for the future.

Alas! Why did God so soon banish all our dreams of earthly happiness? Why did He so speedily shoot His arrow through our earthly hopes? Why deprive me of her, who promised such help, counsel, good cheer and Christian influence? I know not; but the blow has been struck, and I am left, and for a purpose left alone. God grant me grace and strength to answer the call of my duty. And though I know not the reason why I am so left, may I yet pass onward with unswerving step and unwavering courage.

Mr. C. W. Scott has said, "It is at the feet of the Saviour crucified that there is to be learnt the supreme truth of Christianity—that nothing is of value but self-sacrifice; that suffering, the curse of the lower creature, is the vocation and glory of the higher, and in the procession to Calvary he will cut a sorry figure, who has any pretension to follow as a disciple, but no mind to take a share in bearing the cross." Let us bow at the Saviour's feet, learn the lesson and humbly bear our part of the burden.

LITTLE MEN WHO THINK THEY ARE BIG INSTITUTIONS.

Not long ago the *Edinburgh Scotsman* had a sharp controversy with a Scotch Doctor of Divinity. Among many other rather tart things the *Scotsman* said this: "The Doctor thinks that because we are opposing him we are opposing religion." Whether the Doctor in question did or did not think this we do not know. Quite likely he did not think anything of the kind. But whether he did or did not thousands of men are guilty of the kind of presumption that the *Scotsman* was driving at. The moment you say a word about them or their methods of working they shout that you are opposing some cause that they may have elected themselves to represent. The smaller the man, the louder the shout. The less he has to do with the cause, and the less credit he is to it, the more likely is he to declare that you are opposing the cause when you are only using the slipper gently on the little man himself.

These little men swarm around the temperance cause. They never swarmed to any extent until the cause became popular. Their name is legion now. Say an unfavourable word about any of their modes of working, and they instantly shout, "He is opposed to temperance." Suggest that they are not doing something as wisely as it might be done, and they instantly yell, "He is opposed to Prohibition." Dare to suggest some way of working that they don't like, and they accuse you of trying to injure the

cause. Try to put better men in their places if they hold office, and the chances are a thousand to one that they will insinuate you are working for the liquor interest.

Now, the trouble with these people is that they imagine *they* are the temperance cause. Perhaps they are doing the cause more harm than good. Quite likely real temperance men would be only too glad to get rid of some of them. But they are so swollen with self-conceit that they consider anything said about *them* as said about temperance.

These little men are too often found airing their self-conceit at revival services. Dare to criticise their methods, and they at once declare you are "opposed to revival." Say you think it would be better not to employ some itinerant evangelist they want, and they modestly tell you that you are opposing the Spirit. Affirm that certain modes of presenting truth they like are misleading and therefore dangerous, and although the half truths are as deadly and dangerous as the worst forms of error, they mildly tell you that you are in favour of sending souls to hell. Their inflated self-conceit makes them think that opposing *them* is opposing revival! They cannot understand that a man may be in favour of revival and not in favour of *them*. You may have been a believer many years before the inflated creatures were born—you may have been the honoured instrument in bringing many souls to the Saviour, you may have helped many now in the Church above to fight the good fight during life, and have aided them in their struggle with the last enemy, you may have taken part in real revivals more than once, and have had the young people coming to Christ in your own congregation for years,—and yet if you dare not to say "ditto" to these little men, seriously suffering from "big-head," they denounce you as unfavourable to revival! Modest little fellows, are they not! They are so inflated with self-conceit that they fancy every man who does not uncover and go down on his marrow-bones in their presence must be opposed to a revival of religion! Men with so much self-conceit to the square inch are a good deal more likely to get their inspiration from beneath than from above.

Little men who imagine themselves big institutions are not by any means confined to the Church or the temperance cause. They are found everywhere.

An editor basely libels somebody against whom he cherishes feelings of personal malice. He delights in the power which he has in his printing press to injure his neighbour. It gives him intense pleasure to know that he has given his neighbour pain. The neighbour instructs his lawyer to take proceedings for libel. A writ is issued. The moment the libeller sees the writ he begins to mutter about "the free-

dom of the press." He thinks he is the press. The venomous little libeller thinks he is a big institution.

An incorrigible bore makes a long speech on some subject quite sufficiently discussed. It is dry as a lime-burner's shoe. The people become wearied out, and put him down. When he sits down he begins to mutter terrible things about "British liberty," "freedom of speech," "the graves of our forefathers," etc. That long-winded, dry, prolix man modestly assumes that he represents liberty of speech! The trouble with him has always been that he has taken far too much liberty with speech.

An Englishman goes over to Paris, gets drunk, insults a Frenchman, who gives him a sound and well-deserved kicking. When he comes to he mutters awful things about the Magna Charter, the British Lion, the British Constitution, the army and navy, etc. That man imagines he is the British Empire!

A Canadian goes to Chicago or New York, poses as a great man, talks big, tells of great connections over here, and airs himself generally. He thinks he is all Canada. When around home he may not be known beyond his own yard. Perhaps you could hardly find him with a search warrant.

Who has not seen Americans on a tour through Canada who acted as if they owned the whole United States, with Mexico and several other places thrown in?

Some Presbyterians are apt to think that anything said against them is said against Presbyterianism. Many Methodists are prone to think that criticism of their personal acts is a deadly thrust at their Church. This is a failing too many Methodists have. They don't fail in this way now as much as they once did.

A mild remark about Sir John Macdonald's boot-black could scarcely be construed into an attack on the Conservative party, even in the city of Ottawa.

A gentle criticism on the cab in which Mr. Mowat rides at times could scarcely be called a deadly attack on the Grits.

To say that a brakeman on the C. P. R. was not an apostle could scarcely be construed into a violent assault on the management of our great railway.

And yet Sir John's boot-black has as much right to represent the Conservative party, and Mr. Mowat's cabman to represent the Liberal party, and any brakeman on the line to represent the C. P. R., as some noisy, fussy, impertinent little men have to elect themselves representatives of such great causes as temperance, revivals of religion and "the whole Bible."—*Knoxonian, in Canada Presbyterian.*

THE excavations in Rome have revealed not only relics of the worship of Isis and Osiris, but hidden sanctuaries dedicated to Mithras, the Persian deity.

OUR COLLEGE COLUMN.

EDITORIAL STAFF :

J. K. Unsworth, B.A., A. McLeod, A. P. Solandt.

By the time you pick up this paper from the table for a minute's reading, the writer's work will be over. The weary days of examination are passed, every nightmare of anxiety has faded away, and sighs of relief rise from tired heads and bodies. One after another has packed his trunk and left, making those who remained more and more lonesome as the circle contracted. The good-byes have been said, and the God-speeds have been prayed, and now the doors are locked and the halls and rooms are quiet, while the tenants who made them resound are scattered up and down the land from Cape Breton to Kent. As they enter now upon the summer's work, some begin in fear and trembling. You are doing God's work, student, and God is with you. Christian people, let your hearts be opened to the stranger fellow-Christian who comes among you. Student and people, join hands in work; and may it be—as we have prayed as we knelt together in college—that God shall bless us richly with His presence and His power.

In our last there was a brief note about the enjoyable and successful college closing on April 6. A meeting around the tea-table in the dining room was a pleasant introduction to the public gathering upstairs. Ministers of the Quebec Association, members of the College Board and Missionary Committee, along with ourselves, filled two long tables, and an hour passed quickly in conversation and speeches. At the public meeting the hall was well filled, Dr. Cornish, who has been acting-Principal, being in the chair. After the diplomas had been given to the four graduating students, and the prizes distributed, the Rev. W. Cuthbertson spoke. We will not attempt to reproduce this address. It was stimulating, and made the spirit of preaching stir in our souls. Among other things, he said that troublous times are ahead; scepticism will attempt to cover this land, and the red flag of anarchy will be unfurled. There must be men in our pulpits who will meet these and christianize the spirit of democracy. After votes of thanks to the speaker, and Dr. Cornish and the pastors who had helped during the winter, the forty-eighth session was concluded. The spirit of the whole gathering was hopeful. Much better times are very near, and happy are those students who will live under the better dispensation.

In looking back over the session of 1886-7, we do so thankfully. Though under disadvantages, there has been good work done this year. Good health has been given. There has been advance along several lines. The monthly letter has expanded into the more pretentious College Column. The issuing of the col-

lege circular was quite an event to us, and, we hope, not without its good results. Most important is the increasing missionary spirit. The foreign field is likely to be the destination of four of us, and all are impressed with the claims of this work. A missionary box, which was put on the shelf two months ago, when opened was found to contain \$8.20 for our old fellow-student, Mr. Currie.

Before we separated it was agreed to preach a college sermon the second Sunday in August. The usual hour of prayer for each other in the work will be observed this summer; also Saturday morning, from nine to ten. The plan of circular letters will be continued. Each one about the first of June writes an open letter, which is passed on all round the circle of students, so that a dozen letters are received and forwarded, when only one is written.

The following was omitted in last issue: Messrs. Braithwaite and Colclough will both be at home during the summer, the former at Unionville, the latter at St. Catharines.

A new departure has been made by the College Board, in sending out Mr. J. P. Gerrie to visit the churches on behalf of the college. In former years, we understand, it was the custom for the professors to represent college matters during vacation, but this is the first attempt by a student. The plan has been found successful by the Baptist College, Toronto, and will no doubt be a success in this instance. Mr. Gerrie, along with Mr. Solandt, receives his degree of Bachelor of Arts this spring, and therefore finishes the fourth year of his five years' course. He will begin in Quebec, and work westward. Give him the best of welcomes.

With this writing Messrs. McLeod and Unsworth lay down the editorial pen. This column will be continued during the summer in charge of A. P. Solandt.

W. C. M. S.

The enclosed circular has been sent to every Congregational Church in the Dominion so far as known. Already a considerable number of responses have been received. Lest any should have failed to receive the circular, or been overlooked, it is thought desirable to call the attention of the friends to the subject through our magazine:

"As you are aware, there was instituted during the Union meetings held at Ottawa last June, a society, to be called 'the Woman's Congregational Missionary Society of Canada.' The object of this society is the cultivation of a missionary spirit, and the raising of funds for carrying on missionary work on the home and foreign field.

"There already exist in a number of our churches, Women's Missionary Societies, and it is desirable

that there should be some bond of union between them, and that it should be known where these are to be found; and also it is much to be desired that in each of our churches a society of this kind be formed, as soon as possible, where not at present in existence.

"We would be pleased if, at the time of next annual meeting of the Congregational Union, to be held next June in Toronto, all these societies should be represented at a meeting called for that purpose, to promote the objects of this society. Would you kindly communicate with the undersigned, and let us know the condition of the church to which you belong with regard to this matter, and whether you will co-operate in the important work which this society contemplates."

After consultation with the foreign secretary on the matter of raising this fund, we concluded to appeal to the women of our churches to undertake it as a free-will offering and a loving tribute to our lamented missionary, Mrs. Currie.

We feel confident the women of our churches will be glad of this opportunity to express their interest in the work to which her life has been given.

Mrs. G. Robertson, of Melbourne, Que., has kindly consented to act as secretary-treasurer for the churches of Quebec; Miss Huttie, of Brantford, for Ontario, and Mrs. Dearborn, St. John, N. B., for the Maritime Provinces.

It is desirable that this fund be complete not later than the end of May. Were each church to contribute \$10 the sum would be more than sufficient. We would come up to celebrate the first anniversary of our society with the \$500 secured.

St. Elms. MRS. D. MACALLUM, *President.*

In a recent pastoral, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Newport, Dr. Headley, said: The Catholic Church in England has lived, and she lives. But there is still much to do—our comparatively few conversions are more than balanced by the daily and hourly loss of our boys and girls; the solid English millions are as much untouched by the spirit of Roman faith as ever they have been at any period of history, and numbers of our own people are terribly indifferent to mass and sacraments.

THE *New York Independent*, in noticing the reception of three Roman Catholics into a Protestant Church, says: This is only an illustration of the constant, almost unobserved current by which those brought up under other conditions are assimilated into our religious life. We believe that the drift from the Catholic to the Protestant Church here, and the world over, is greater than in the opposite direction. Catholics often lament that they lose great numbers of their people, and the enormous growth of the Catholic Church is chiefly through immigration.

News of the Churches.

BELWOOD.—This church is associated with Garafraxa First, the two being about two miles apart. Belwood was formerly known as Douglas, but when a branch of the Credit Valley Railway came through, there was considerable changing and shifting of names; and a "court" of Foresters being in the village, and called by the rather euphonious name of "Belwood Court," the name was suggested as a good one for the village—which name it is now likely to retain. The village is rather prettily situated on the upper waters of the Grand River, eight miles above Fergus. Garafraxa (of late years divided into two, and a moiety given to each of two counties), is one of the twenty-five three-cornered townships that exist west of Toronto—to the discredit of the surveying authorities—and is one of the very largest, and one of highest altitude among them. A good deal more snow falls than you have in Toronto, and occasionally later and earlier frosts in the growing season. Smith, in "Canada Past, Present, and Future," gives a very bad character to the early settlers in Garafraxa, terrible fellows when they got down into the older settlements toward Lake Ontario! Time works wonders; and the rough pioneers disappear, by removals and death, and others take their place. And what the local historian perhaps failed to remember, the "roughs" were oftener found at Brampton, Streetsville and Port Credit, than the good and quiet settlers, who then, as now, formed the backbone of the township. Certain it is, that in West "Garry," and forming the parish of the two Congregational Churches, there is not a more substantial, orderly, estimable people in existence. Here some good and lasting work was done in former days by E. Barker and R. Brown, and more recently by J. Griffith and J. R. Black. Indeed, there was a little murmuring about the latter removing. But then you can neither get a good minister by just spreading out your hands to catch him as you would a bird, nor can you keep him on Dr. Chalmers suggestion of shutting him up in the pulpit, and never letting him out of it—feeding him over the side of it with a spoon! And so it came to pass that the Barrie people found out there was a clever minister at Garafraxa, and coaxed him away! But the Rev. J. C. Wright was to begin his regular work there, as pastor, on Sabbath, April 17, and things would be all "right" then. He is a hard-working brother, and goes to a people who will appreciate him and do much for him. I preached there four Sabbaths, between the two pastorates, and, but for the snow-drifts and the blizzards, spent a very agreeable month. The congregations are very steady and constant in numbers, with little of ebb and flow. There are, in both churches, a fine lot of young people, who, with a little additional

effort might be gathered in, first to the Lord, and then to the church. These two churches have largely the control of the community; and, in the district they occupy, constitute nearly the religious public there. It is a "Scott Act" county, and these are temperance churches. Indeed, the late pastor, Mr. Black, was a dreadful thorn in the side of the rum traffickers. A good Sunday school exists in both places, though I am sorry that at the country church the teachers fail to keep up their labours during the winter; I have never found the non-attendance begin with the scholars. This, however, can be remedied in the future. A comfortable brick parsonage stands close to the Garafraxa Church, with an acre of garden-ground attached, but strangely wanting a stable. The Sunday school assembles at half-past nine, public service at eleven. Then the minister can rest his bones (I know how Brother Wright will appreciate it after his several years' twenty-eight mile ride every Sunday) until it is time to drive two miles to the half-past six service (I wandered through the drifts, stick in hand) at Belwood. The evening service there is well attended—the little chapel quite filled up. Sunday school in the forenoon. Some of the older people—I may say nearly all of them—would rather have the service in the afternoon, but as the late pastor generally drove either to Speedside or Fergus, and preached there in the afternoon, the present arrangement seemed necessary.—W. W. S.

GRANBY.—The work here goes on. The good ladies are especially active. In connection with the Ladies' Aid, an Auxiliary Missionary Society has been re-organized, and is doing good work. They have gathered a large bale of clothing, and sent the same to our Indian Church at French Bay; this bale was valued at about \$100. A reply has been received from our missionary there, thanking the ladies for their gift. Quite a large number are being added to the church—nearly forty, in all. A young men's prayer meeting has been established; also one for the young ladies; both of these are well attended. A closing prayer meeting each Sabbath evening is another new feature here, and nearly all the audience remain to it. The pastor has had considerable sickness in his family, but all are recovering.

GUELPH.—From the pastor (Rev. D. McGregor, M.A.), we receive the following cheering words: We have just closed (April 8) a series of evangelistic services, conducted by myself and the members of the church. The meetings were held nightly for seventeen days, and were largely attended. It has been a season of wonderful spiritual quickening. The Spirit of God has truly been at work amongst us. A large number have professed to have found Christ, and have sought admission into the church; while many are

now anxious about their souls from whom we expect soon to hear of their decision for Christ. After-meetings were held, and personal dealing with inquirers and others at these meetings has been followed with the happiest results. At no period during my seven years and a half's pastorate here have I witnessed such manifest tokens of the Divine presence and power. Both young and old have been reached, and are now rejoicing in Christ as their Saviour. This is how one of the local papers notices the closing meeting: The "Praise and Consecration" meeting, closing the special evangelistic services in the Congregational Church last evening, was one of the most remarkable meetings ever held in the church. There was a very large number present. The pastor, in opening the meeting, indicated the particular nature of the evening's service. In a few words he bore testimony to the blessed spiritual results which attended the services. Then followed in quick succession testimonies from young and old as to the good received and done during the past two or three weeks. A large number of names have been proposed for church membership, and it was announced that more would follow. The consecration part of the meeting was very impressive, and the hymns sung throughout were exceedingly appropriate. Mr. McGregor, in closing, drew attention to the excellent work done by the "Young People's Christian Endeavour Society" of the church, and urged all the young people to attend its weekly meeting. He also intimated that the prayer meeting next Wednesday evening would be a continuation of the special evangelistic services now properly closed. The meeting of last evening will be long remembered by all present. One marked feature of our service has been the prevalence of the spirit of earnest prayer. That the good work may still go on is now the sincere prayer of many hearts. "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." "Though he goeth on his way weeping, bearing forth the seed, he shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him."

OTTAWA.—This living church is talking of arising to build. There is a prospective selling of the present valuable property. A subscription list approaching \$4,000, a wise pastor and an earnest people. We pray for them God's best blessing.

SARNIA.—The Rev. R. K. Black has now removed with his family to this town and the church has fairly arranged for aggressive work. The friends are hopeful. Two prospective students are attending our brother's ministrations there. May blessings attend Mr. Black's ministry in this new field of labour.

ST. CATHARINES.—No doubt many of our friends will be glad to know how we are getting on at St. Catharines. Our congregations are steadily enlarging.

This year we have received five new members, and there are three more to be received next month, and others, we hope, soon to join with us. Our Sunday school is doing good work; fresh scholars are being brought in, and a few Sundays ago we reached our highest school attendance, 110. We have started a Band of Hope, and have had an attendance ranging from sixty to 100. The working of it has tried our strength, but we are hoping for more hands to join the ship. The circulars forwarded to us in behalf of our college were duly distributed, and an appeal was made to the people; it was most willingly responded to, and our treasurer succeeded in raising \$25. Improvements, which were greatly needed, in the church building, have been made to the amount of \$175. The following, taken from one of our local newspapers, indicates the relationship existing between the new pastor and his people:—"A Pleasant Surprise: The members of the Congregational Church, to the number of thirty or forty, met at the church on Friday evening, and proceeded to take by storm the residence of the Rev. Mr. Colclough, on Court Street. The pastor, though taken completely by surprise, proved equal to the occasion. The evening was spent very pleasantly by all present, in music, recitations, etc. Refreshments were served during the evening by the ladies of the congregation, who added to the reputation they have already acquired as caterers to the inner man. During the evening, Mr. A. M. Smith, on behalf of the congregation, presented to Mr. Colclough a purse containing \$50, and an elegant centre table, accompanied by an address expressing the warm esteem in which the reverend gentleman is held by the members of the flock. Mr. Colclough made a most appropriate reply, thanking the congregation for the expression of their regard. The pleasant gathering broke up shortly after eleven o'clock, a most enjoyable evening having been spent by all present." We are a small people, compared with the other churches in the city, but we hope in time to give good proof that the Master is with us.—COM.

TORONTO.—The annual social gathering of the Congregational Sunday school teachers of Toronto was held in the school room of the Hazleton Avenue Church, on the evening of April 7. Notwithstanding that the evening was a somewhat unfortunate one, as Good Friday, the next day, was a holiday, and the retail stores kept open later than usual that night, thus preventing many teachers from being present, the attendance was large, the room (which, by the way is an exceedingly bright and cheerful one) being well filled. The superintendent, Mr. George Scott, occupied the chair. The meeting commenced by singing that always appropriate hymn,

Blest be the tie that binds.

A short programme was then given, consisting of two

solos, very sweetly sung, by Miss Gibb, two recitations by Miss Wetherald (a daughter of the Rev. W. Wetherald), rendered with the grace and finish of an accomplished elocutionist, and a chorus. This was followed by a talk about our work, opened by Mr. H. J. Clark, of the Northern Church, and joined in by Mr. McCartney and Mr. Evans, of Bond Street, Rev. A. F. McGregor and Mr. Hayes, of the Western, Mr. Ashdown of Zion, Mr. Potts, of the Chestnut Street Mission, and others. The subject proved so interesting that it was hard to bring the subject to a close; but at last *the desire to prolong it was overcome by the odour of coffee and the rattling of cups and saucers coming from an adjoining room, from which also speedily came a bevy of ladies with all the good things to be desired; very speedily the meeting resolved itself into small groups, each one with a cup and saucer and plate, and then—well, the ladies made up for their silence during the meeting. Before the close, Mr. McCartney, on behalf of the Bond Street school, invited the teachers to meet there next year, and promised them a reception in a new and handsome school room, which they are about to build. The invitation was unanimously accepted. Mr. Revell, of the Northern, moved, in accordance with a suggestion made during the evening, that united meetings of a practical character be held quarterly; this was warmly adopted, and a committee named to carry it into effect. A very pleasant, and, as we believe, very helpful meeting, was brought to a close by singing the doxology, and Mr. McGregor pronouncing the Benediction.*

THE Rev. J. Allworth, M.A., of Oxford, Michigan, has accepted a call from Almonte, eighteen miles from the charge he is leaving. His pastorate begins in Almonte the first of this month, which place will be his address after this week, April 18.

Official Notices.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION.

The annual meeting of the Union of Ontario and Quebec will be held, according to adjournment, in the Bond Street Congregational Church, Toronto, Ont., commencing on Wednesday, June 8, at half-past seven p.m., when the annual sermon will be preached by the Rev. Geo. Fuller, B.A., of Brantford.

The churches connected with the Union are reminded of the twelfth standing rule, which requests every church to take up a collection for the Union on or before the first Sunday in June. This rule is intended to apply to all churches, not excepting those who may not send delegates. It is to be hoped that the collections will be liberal.

It is requested that all matters to be brought be-

fore the Union, especially applications for membership, should be placed in the hands of the secretary at a reasonable time before the annual meeting. All such applications for membership are required to be in writing, and, in the case of churches, to be accompanied by a recommendation signed by three members of the Union.

The attention of pastors and churches is directed to No. 4 of the standing rules of the Union where they will find instructions as to the manner of electing the chairman. The statistical secretary has sent out ballot papers to all concerned. A list of ministerial members of the Union may be found on page 97 of the Year-Book, and may serve as a help in selecting candidates.

Arrangements are being made with the railway and steamboat companies for reduced rates. The secretary is prepared to furnish the necessary certificates to all ministers and delegates. He would be obliged if the applications were all forwarded in good time, and specified the lines by which it was intended to travel.

Ministers and delegates will please remember the request to send their names as speedily as possible to Wm. McCartney, Esq., 108 Oak Street, Toronto.

The Union Committee will meet at the Bond Street Congregational Church, Toronto, on Wednesday, June 8, at two o'clock p.m.

HUGH PEDLEY,

*Sec. Congregational Union of Ont. and Que.
Cobourg, April 20, 1887.*

THE blank statistical forms for the year ending May 8, 1887, are in the hands of the pastors, students in supply, and secretaries of the churches. The statistical Secretary would earnestly request that these circulars be carefully and promptly filled, so that early and adequate returns may be in his hands, if possible, not later than the 10th of May. Hoping that all concerned may take an interest in the matter, so that the annual statement may be complete, and therefore reliable, I remain, yours truly, GEO. ROBERTSON,
Melbourne, P.Q. Statistical Secretary, Union.

CANADA CONGREGATIONAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

At the recent meeting of the Executive Committee in Montreal, the interim report of the treasurer justified the hope, previously expressed, that with a vigorous effort on the part of the churches, the society will close the year without debt.

The committee has yielded to the urgent request of the Colonial Missionary Committee that Mr. Hall, our missionary superintendent, should remain in England till after the meeting of the Congregational Union, in May. Mr. Hall is working very hard, with

indications of good success, is in good health, and writes that his passage is taken for Quebec by the steamship *Lake Ontario*, of the Beaver Line, sailing on May 18. We may hope, therefore, to see him with us at the Union meeting in Toronto, in June.—J. W.

Contributions received since last acknowledgment : Maxville, \$41.73; St. Elmo, \$44.16; Martintown, \$30.32; Milton, N. S., \$21; South Caledon, \$13; Hamilton, \$13.50; Sheffield, N. B., \$22.25; Listowel, \$15; Margaree, N. S., \$12.10; Fergus, \$33.25; Eaton, \$28; Rugby, \$23.60; Dalston, \$6.50; Kingston Bethel, Miss Hall's class, \$3; Barrie, \$15.75; Montreal Emmanuel, \$100; Brockville, \$8.25; Speedside, \$11.55; Cobourg and Cold Springs, \$129.27; Kingston First, \$160. Debt Fund, Sheffield, N. B. \$4.25; Rev. J. McKillican, \$10; Churchill, \$11; Eaton, \$4.72; Hawkesbury, \$10; Waterville, \$20.

The books for the year will close May 31, and all amounts must be sent in previous to that date; otherwise they cannot appear until next fiscal year.

B. W. ROBERTSON, *Treasurer.*

Literary Notices.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, PREACHER, PATRIOT AND HUMANITARIAN.—This is a discourse by Dr. Wm. Cochrane, of Brantford, in the course of which he says: "America will doubtless produce other great preachers, but it is doubtful if she will ever have another Beecher." Dr. Cochrane pays an eloquent and sympathetic tribute to Mr. Beecher, who avowed "that the whole purpose of his life on earth was to bring men to Christ."

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—This unexcelled weekly comes regularly to our table. It is one of the marvels of literature that by mere excellence of selection this magazine should keep fresh its interest, without illustration, prize, or other inducement than its worth.

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

Dr. Wright, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, has received a letter from Dr. Henry Jessop, of Beyrout, announcing the discovery of a most interesting tomb temple at Sidon, and enclosing a description of it by the Rev. W. H. Eddy, an American missionary. The tomb was discovered in an open field, about a mile north-east of the city. It consists of four chambers. Each room contains sarcophagi, the east and west rooms being enriched with the most magnificent sculptures, among which are lions, centaurs, horses, mourning men and women, and a Greek temple, "formed of the finest marble, translucent as alabaster," with a porch of columns all about it, and in the porch eighteen statues, about three feet in height, "as beautiful as if finished yesterday; of the finest art, muscles and form showing through the drapery." This is in the east room. The west room,

which Mr. Eddy did not see, is said to be the finest of all. Dr. Jessop says it contains a marble sarcophagus, with painted figures (sculptures) in lavish profusion, of the most exquisite designs—a very gem of Greek art. This is a grand opportunity for the British Museum authorities to distinguish themselves, but they must be quick, for more than one Government will be eager to secure such treasures.

AN interesting story of Whitefield is told in the first of a series of articles in the *Church Review* on the life of Dr. White, the first Anglican Bishop of Pennsylvania. Dr. White, in some manuscript notes which he left, says Whitefield dined with one of his relatives in 1770, a few weeks before his death. During dinner he was almost the only speaker, as was said to be common. In the course of his remarks Whitefield said, "In heaven I expect to see Charles I., Oliver Cromwell and Archbishop Laud, singing hallelujahs together."

THE *Toronto Mail* has the following suggestive note: The average salary of a clergyman in the United States or Canada is probably a good deal less than \$1,000, and he does not always get the whole of it. The average salary of a male teacher in this Province is \$425, of a female teacher, \$280. "Billy" Emerson, the negro minstrel, is said to get \$500 a week, with a private palace car for himself and wife; Boston recently paid \$10,000 to secure the services of Mr. Kelly, the eminent baseballist, who gets a salary of \$5,000 a year. Mr. "Adonis" Dixie, an actor whose sphere is not much above that of the variety stage, makes more money in a week than a very large number of his fellow-countrymen do in a year. There is a moral in these facts which can be extracted without the aid of a derrick.

REV. DR. F. TRESTRAIL gives some personal reminiscences of Thomas Binney in the *Baptist Magazine*, chiefly taking the form of conversations with Mr. Binney. On one occasion Mr. Binney considerably startled Dr. Trestrail by his views on preaching. "Do you always preach as well as you can?" asked Mr. Binney. "Certainly I do, and ought I not to?" "Then you are very foolish," Mr. Binney said. "Just think, if you are always careering over the high table-land, your people will be up there, too. So, if you at any time fail, and the ablest and best men do sometimes, just think what a tumble, for both you and them, it is!" "Whatever, then, am I to do?" asked Mr. Trestrail. "Do? Why, do the same as I do. I purposely preach inferior sermons. It is a great relief to me and my flock. I can preach as poor a sermon as any man in Europe. But when a subject lays hold of me, and I am aroused to a needed effort, I can do it then, and all comes right. Such a discourse is like charity, it covers a multitude of sins!" After hearing Dr. Wardlaw preach, Dr. Binney exclaimed admiringly, "Well, now, Trestrail, do you think we shall ever be able to preach like that if we live to be eighty?"

Children's Corner.

THY LIFE.

God give to thee successful life,
His Gospel truth expressing ;
A life rejoicing in His love,
And blest beneath His blessing.

Thy life be lighted from on high,
Reflecting heaven's favour ;
A life that's copied after Christ's—
Like His, of holy savour.

See that thy life grow pure and strong
Where airs celestial nourish ;
A life that God by grace doth make
In His own courts to flourish.

Thy life be hid with Christ in God,
Refreshed from highest fountain :
Yet, through thy works, observed by all,
Like city on the mountain.

Let thine be such a life that, when
Its presence has departed,
The poor and ill shall hold it dear—
Trust of the grateful-hearted.

Thy life a breathing ever know
To come to God yet nigher,
Through deeper faith and love to rise,
In saintly longings, higher.

Thine be a life made bright with hope,
A life all goodness teaching ;
A life, while passing o'er the earth,
Beyond the stars outreaching.

THE HINDU BOY.

Some few years ago I read a story, and I wrote down some of the main facts. I cannot tell what paper or magazine furnished it. But the story is a good one, and no doubt true, and so I reproduce it, hoping it may lead some soul to Christ.

A lady was sitting on her veranda in India reading. She heard the tramp of some one running very fast, and presently a boy bounded into her presence all out of breath.

"Does Jesus Christ live here?" was his cry.

The lad was about twelve years old. His hair was coarse and matted with filth. His clothes were dirty. Flying up the steps, and crouching at the lady's feet, he again inquired, "Does Jesus Christ live here?"

"What do you want of Jesus Christ?" she asked.

"I want to see Him. I want to confess to Him," was the reply.

"Why, what have you been doing that you want to confess?"

With great earnestness the boy said, "Does He live here? I want to know that. Doing? Why, I tell lies. I steal. I do everything bad. I am afraid of going to hell, and I want to see Jesus. I heard one of the teachers say He can save from hell. Does He live here? Oh, tell me where I can find Jesus Christ."

"But Jesus Christ will not save people who do wickedly," said the lady.

"I want to stop doing wickedly, but I cannot stop," said the boy. "I don't know how to stop. The evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come of evil thoughts. What can I do?"

He was told that he could do nothing but go to Christ, but that he could not see Christ as he evidently expected to see Him. He was no longer on the earth in bodily form.

As he heard this he gave a quick sharp cry of despair. But he brightened up when the good missionary lady told him she was the follower of Jesus, and that she had come to India on purpose to tell people how to be saved.

"Tell me, oh, tell me about Him," was his eager cry. "Only ask your Master, the Lord Jesus, to save me, and I will be your servant, your slave for life. Do not be angry; do not send me away. I want to be saved, saved from hell."

We may be sure the simple story of the cross was soon told this poor Hindu lad, and he was easily led to trust with all his heart in Him who came hither to save lost sinners.

This story suggests a few thoughts which I will briefly state.

1. There is only one way in which men can be saved. Jesus is the Saviour. The words of the Apostle Peter, spoken to the rulers of the Jews many centuries ago, are still true, and we should ring them out with all our force to all who will listen to them: "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Christian people need to feel this truth, as well as those who are not Christians.

2. All are lost who are not saved. That seems to be an axiom. Yet how many Christian people fail to realize it. If every unredeemed sinner felt

this truth he would be as anxious as was the young Hindu. If every professing Christian was impressed with this fact, he would bestir himself to lead his unsaved friends at once to Jesus. So much has been said of late in favour of infidelity and universalism that many are inclined to believe there is no hell,—that God is so tender and loving that He will never punish the wicked in the world to come. This false idea should be combated. Let us not be afraid to believe or to speak the truth.

3. There are anxious people now. They may be found among the heathen in India, China, Africa. Our missionaries often tell us about them. Even before they hear about the precious Saviour they are concerned about their eternal destiny. And when they see a little light streaming from the Gospel lamp, they are very desirous to see more.

Who can tell how many anxious ones there are in this Christian land? Poor ignorant boys and girls, hard-working men and women, who do not often go to church or Sabbath school—these people may at times swear and lie and steal, yet at other times they are thoughtful, and would gladly change their course of life if they knew how. While a few may tell their anxiety, others will not. They will perish before they will ask how they ought to be saved. We ought to kindly help them all.

4. If people do not feel anxious about their souls and cry for help, so much the more important for us to find them and convince them of their danger. You would not leave an inebriate sleeping on a railroad track, or put forth no effort to save an unconscious man from drowning. Their very helplessness and unconsciousness would arouse your sympathy.

Then let us not wait until the Hindu boy, or any one else, comes bounding up and asks where Jesus Christ lives. If we know Jesus, and love Him as our Saviour, let us make Him known at once to others.

HEAVEN is heaven because it is the Father's house—the parent-home and the sacred hearth of the universe.

"Thy righteousness also, O God, is very high, who hast done great things; O God, who is like unto Thee."—Psa. lxxi. 19.

GLOKIFYING CHRIST IN JAPAN.

At a meeting in Japan where a number of Christian girls were gathered together, the subject was, "How to glorify Christ by our lives." One of the girls said:

"It seems to me like this: In spring my mother got some flower seeds, little, ugly, black things, and planted them; they grew and blossomed beautifully. One day a neighbour coming in, and seeing these flowers, said, 'Oh, how beautiful! I must have some too; won't you please give me some seed?' Now, if this neighbour had only just seen the flower seeds, she wouldn't have called for them; 'twas only when she saw how beautiful was the blossom that she wanted the seed.

"And so with Christianity. When we speak to our friends of the truths of the Bible, they seem to them hard and uninteresting, and they say: 'We don't care to hear about these things; they are not as interesting as our own stories.' But when they see these same truths blossoming out in our lives into kindly words and good acts, then they say, 'How beautiful these lives! What makes them different from other lives?' When they hear that 'tis the Jesus teaching, then they say, 'We must have it too!'

"And thus, by our lives, more than by our tongues, we can preach Christ to our unbelieving friends."

HE who is not shy of the appearances of sin, who shuns not the occasions of sin, and who avoids not the temptations to sin, will not long abstain from the actual commission of sin.

CRUIKSHANK, the artist, offered \$500 for proof of a violent crime committed by a total abstainer, and the money remains unclaimed to this day. A temperance society in England offers a large reward for proof of a single instance where property accumulated by liquor selling has descended to the third generation.

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Rev. J. Burton, B.D., Editor, will be published (D. V.) on the first and fifteenth of each month, and will be sent free to any part of Canada or the United States for one dollar per annum. Published solely in the interests of the Congregational churches of the Dominion. Pastors of churches, and friends in general, are earnestly requested to send promptly local items of church news, or communications of general interest. To ensure insertion send early the news column will be kept open till the tenth and twenty-fifth of each month.

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The Rev. John Burton, B.D., of the Northern Congregational Church, Toronto, last delivered a very interesting lecture under the auspices of the Young People's Association connected with his congregation. The subject on which he spoke was, "The French Catholicism in Canada." The lecture was characterized by fairness and liberality of thought throughout. Between Mr. Burton and the ignorant fanatic there is a wide gulf. French Catholicism as a religion was not assailed, but Ultramontaniam as a political system the lecturer showed, was what was to be guarded against. He confined himself to a statement of the problem, but hesitated to offer a solution. When an important question is discussed with the ability and fairness shown by Mr. Burton, and with no other party end to serve, the cause of truth gains. — *Canada Presbyterian.*

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